

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
P R E F A C E S,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE TENTH.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. HUGHES;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND  
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AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, R. NEWBERRY. 1790.



THE  
TENTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
PART OF  
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

VOL. X.

2





M I L T O N'S  
P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## T H E V E R S E.

**T**HE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep. The infernal peers there sit in council.



Illumin, what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence, 25  
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one refrant, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host  
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory' above his peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantin chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confounded

Confounded though immortal. But his doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath, for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain      55  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild;      60  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace      65  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd;  
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd      70  
 For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,  
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!      75  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side  
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd      80  
 Beelzebub, To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou see'st he, but O thou fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy realms of light 85  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine  
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90  
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest  
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who



Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy' and shame beneath      115  
 This downfall, since by fate the strength of Gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve      120  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,      125  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphum to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds      130  
 Fearless, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat      135  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences  
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns,      140  
 Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But

But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment? 155  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our;  
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
As be'ing the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labor must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid

The

The fiery fuge, that from the precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185  
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large 195  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:

Him

Him haply flumb'ring on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell, 205  
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:  
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay  
Cham'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he fought 215  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side

Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235  
And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoke: Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom  
For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he 245  
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
Whom reas'on hath equal'd, force hath made supreme  
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven, 255  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell;

Better

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265  
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foul'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their hvehest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lie  
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280  
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend  
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
 Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
 High over-arch'd imbrow'r; or scatter'd sedge  
 Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305  
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Buziris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcases 310  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315  
 Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toil of battel to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To' adore the conqueror ? who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335

In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd

Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,

That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung

Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile :

So numberless were those bad Angels seen

Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell 345

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;

Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted spear

Of their great Sultan waving to direct

Their course, in even balance down they light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain ; 350

A multitude, like which the populous north

Pow'd never from her frozen loins, to pass



Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.      355  
Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, princely Dignities,  
And Pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;      360  
Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By their rebellion from the books of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,  
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform      370  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities:  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the Heathen world.      375  
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof.      380  
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix

Their feats long after next the feat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide 385  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations ; and with curfed things  
 His holy rites and folemn feasts profan'd, 390  
 And with their darknefs durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid king, befnear'd with blood  
 Of human facrifice, and parents tears,  
 Though for the noife of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their childrens cries unheard, that pafs'd through fire  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worfhip't in Rabba and her watry plain,  
 In Argob and in Bafan, to the fream  
 Of utmoft Arnon. Nor content with fuch  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wifeft heart 400  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right againft the temple' of God  
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
 The pleafant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405  
 Next Chemos, th' obfcene dread of Moab's fons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of fouthmoft Abarim ; in Hefebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410  
 And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd

Israel

Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415  
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood  
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
These feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425  
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their aery purposes, 430  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435  
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,  
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455  
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:  
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man  
And downward fish: yet had his temple high  
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful feat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertil banks  
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
He also' against the house of God was bold: 470  
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew

God's

God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew who under names of old renown,  
Ofiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480  
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485  
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke  
Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.  
Behal came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he  
In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495  
With lust and violence the house of God  
In courts and palaces he also reigns  
And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftest towers,  
And injury and outrage: and when night 500  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Witnefs the ftreets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hofpitable door  
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worfe rape. 505  
 Thefe were the prime in order and in might;  
 The reft were long to tell, though far renown'd:  
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's iffue held  
 Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents · Titan Heav'n's firſt-born, 510  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright feis'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove  
 HIs own and Rhea's fon like meafure found;  
 So Jove uſurping reign'd. theſe firſt in Ciete  
 And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top 515  
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,  
 Their higheſt Heav'n; or on the Delphian clif,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hefperian fields, 520  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſes.

All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd  
 Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief  
 Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt 525  
 In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt  
 Like doubtful hue. but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears. 530  
 Then ſtraight commands that at the warlike ſound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd

His

His mighty standard: that proud honor clam'd  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535  
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic aims and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540  
At which the universal host up sent  
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545  
With orient colors waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
Of flutes and soft recorder; such as rais'd  
To highth of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555  
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow' and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now

Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of Gods. 570  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories. for never since created man  
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infancy 575  
Warr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son 580  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
On whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, 585  
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander. he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590  
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd



Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air      595  
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon  
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face      600  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold      605  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd  
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung      610  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth though bare  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd      615  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 With all his peers attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth. at last      620  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless,

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change 625  
Hateful to utter. but what pow'r of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me be witness all the host of Heaven, 635  
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok'd; our better part remains 645  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven :  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyfs  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature : Peace is despair'd, 660  
For who can think submission ? War then, War  
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake : and to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze 665  
Far round illumin'd Hell : highly they rag'd  
Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke, the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous brigad hasten'd : as when bands 675  
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected Spi'rit that fell  
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than

Than ought divine or holy elfe enjoy'd  
In vifion beatific : by him firft  
Men alfo, and by his fuggestion taught, 685  
Ranfack'd the center, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treafures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a fpacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690  
That riches grow in Hell ; that foil may beft  
Deferve the precious bane. And here let thofe  
Who boaft in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greateft monuments of fame, 695  
And ftrength, and art, are eafily out-done  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with inceffant toil  
And hands innumerable fcarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the lake, a fecond multitude  
With wond'rous art founded the mafsy ore,  
& evening each kind, and fcumm'd the bullion drofs :  
A third as foon had form'd within the ground 705  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By ftrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an organ from one blaft of wind  
To many a row of pipes the found-board breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710  
Rose like an exhalation, with the found  
Of dulcet fymphonies and voices fweet,

Built

Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave; nor did there want      715  
 Cornice or fteeze, with bossy sculptures graven;  
 The roof was fietted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or feat      720  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately highth, and frait the doors  
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth      725  
 And level pavement. from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude      730  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a tow'red structure high,  
 Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King      735  
 Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell      740  
 From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from main

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now  
 T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape  
 By all his engins, but was headlong sent 750  
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command  
 Of sovran pow'r, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclame  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers. their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling winds. As bees  
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,

The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs. So thick the aery croud      775  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd, till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race      780  
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth      785  
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal Spi'rits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
 Though without number still amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat      795  
 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then  
 And summons read, the great consult began.





THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven. Some advise it, others dissuade: A third propofal is preferred, mention'd before by Satan, to fearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult fearch. Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the reft betake them feveral ways, and to feveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paffes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them fhut, and who fate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and difcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paffes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the fight of this new world which he fought.

## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K II.

**H**IGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5  
 To that bad eminence; and from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Van war with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
 His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10  
 Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven  
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
 With what besides, in counsel or in fight, 20  
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will clame in Hell  
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To clame our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate, who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For



To our destruction; if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worfe destroy'd: what can be worfe 85  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from blifs, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus  
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous  
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low; 115  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels 125  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heaven are fill'd  
With armed watch, that render all access 130  
Impregnable, oft on the bord'ring deep  
Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy  
All incorruptible would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate

Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure, 145  
To be no more ; sad cure ! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150  
Devoid of sense and motion ? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,  
Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?  
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160  
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe ;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165  
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us ? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake ? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170  
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames ? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His



His red right hand to plague us ? what if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175  
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads, while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespite'd, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185  
 Ages of hopeless end ? this would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view ? he from Heav'n's highth  
 All these our motions vain sees and derides;  
 Not more almighty to resist our might  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven  
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195  
 Chains and these torments ? better these than worse  
 By my advice, since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200  
 That so ordains. this was at first resolv'd,  
 If we were wile, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.

I laugh,

I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210  
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires,  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome 215  
Their noxious vapor, or incur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light: 220  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Beha! with words cloth'd in reason's garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to dethrone the king of Heaven  
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230  
Our own right lost. him to unthrone we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:

The

The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter : for what place can be for us 235  
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme  
We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240  
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc'd Hallelujahs ; while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, 245  
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight ; how wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so'er 260  
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain  
Through labor and indurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst

Thick

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265  
And with the majesty of darknes round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darknes, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements, these piercing fires 275  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may 280  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war.—Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285  
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
After the tempest: Such applause was heard 290  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear

Of

Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295  
To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front ingraven  
Deliberation sat and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin. sage he stood 305  
With Atlantéan shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mighty monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of Heav'n,  
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here  
A growing empire: doubtless; while we dream, 315  
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude. for he, be sure,

In highth or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden throne in Heaven.  
What fit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given  
To us inflav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335  
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dang'rous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355  
 Or substance, how indued, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants, or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator ? But their spite still serves 385  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkled in all their eyes ; with full assent  
They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.  
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient seat ; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms  
And opportune excursion we may chance  
Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some mild zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light  
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam  
Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious air, 400  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world ? whom shall we find  
Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy ile ? what strength, what art can then 410  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
Of Angels watching round ? Here he had need



All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

Thus said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420  
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others count'nance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy as to proffer or accept 425  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seis'd us, though undismay'd. long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd on us prohibit all egress.  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of essential Night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less

Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445  
And this imperial sovranity, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honor, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455  
High honor'd sits ? Go therefore, mighty Powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n ; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm 460  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all : this enterprise 465  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ; 470  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded

Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extol him equal to the Hig'hest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,  
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread  
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element 490  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm conjoined holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505  
 The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers.  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510  
 And God-like imitated state; him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515  
 Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the founding alchemy  
 By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout return'd them loud acclame. 520  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
 Disband, and, wand'ring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields 530  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.  
 As when to warr'proud cities war appears

Wag'd

Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battel in the clouds, before each van 535  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540  
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545  
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
By doom of battel; and complain that fate 550  
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.  
Their song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spi'rits immortal sing?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),  
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost,  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,

Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565  
 Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the river of oblivion rolls  
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets, 585  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
 Of ancient pile ; or else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,

Where armies whole have sunk . the parching air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595  
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire,  
 They ferry over this Lethéan sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605  
 And with and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous bands 615  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created ev'il, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.

Mean while the Adversary' of God and Man,  
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'hest design, 630  
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the iles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So seem'd  
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice three-fold the gates, three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamantin rock,  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd, Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent aim'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round

A cry



A cry of Hell hounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 655  
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665  
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast 675  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;  
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way

To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee : 685  
Retire, or taste thy folly', and learn by proof,  
Hell-horn, not to contend with Spi'rits of Heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.  
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,  
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then  
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons  
Conjúr'd against the Hig'hest, for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ? 695  
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spi'rits of Heaven,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700  
Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee', and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold 705  
More dreadful and deform : on th' other side  
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood  
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Level'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown

Each

Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on 715  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air :  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky forcerers that sat  
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son ? What fury', O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy Father's head ? and know'st for whom ;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids ;  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735  
Forbore : then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son ;

I know

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd.  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul ? once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in fight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750

In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 755

Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung. amazement seis'd  
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid  
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760

Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'ft enamour'd, and such joy thou took'ft 765

With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd  
(For what could else ?) to our almighty foe  
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770

Through all the empyréan: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this deep, and in the general fall

I also;

I also; at which time this pow'rful key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790  
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795  
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me; for when they list, into the womb  
That bled them they return, and howl and gnaw  
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800  
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition stand

Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 Dear Daughter, since thou clam'st me for thy fire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of Spi'rits, that in our just pretences aim'd 825  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd

A race

A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835  
Left Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought  
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famin should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour · no less rejoic'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850  
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantin gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855  
But what owe I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my ~~angels~~ feed?

Thou

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 86;  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870  
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took,  
And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers 875  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy ir' on or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885  
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And



And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold 895  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring  
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
 Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905  
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
 He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray  
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910  
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915  
 His dark materials to create more worlds;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
 Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920  
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,  
 With all her battering engines bent to rase

Some capital city'; or less than if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the furling smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
Audacious; but that feat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity: all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares, 940  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot.  
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth 945  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear

With

With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,  
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Power 955  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost abyfs  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darknefs lies  
 Bord'ring on light, when strait behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign, and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Damogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 965  
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyfs,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal king  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound; direct my course; 980  
 Directed no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her original darknefs and your fway  
(Which is my prefent journey) and once more 985  
Erect the ftandard there of ancient Night;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With faltring fpeech and viſage incompos'd,  
Answer'd. I know thee, ftanger, who thou art, 990  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head againft Heav'n's king, though overthrown.  
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt  
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995  
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here  
Keep refidence; if all I can will ſerve  
That little which is left ſo to defend, 1000  
Encroach'd on ftill through your inteſtin broils  
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell  
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005  
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your legions fell.  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;  
Havoc and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply, 1010  
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,  
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd  
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire

Into

Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round     1015  
Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset  
And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
Through Bosporus betwixt the jutting rocks :  
Or when Ulysses on the larbord shunn'd  
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.     1020  
So he with difficulty and labor hard  
Mov'd on : with difficulty and labor he ;  
But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length  
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb  
Of this frail world ; by which the Spi'rits perverse     1030  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven     1035  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn, here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works a broken foe  
With tumult less and with less hostile din,     1040  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
On in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd  
Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## T H E   A R G U M E N T.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offense, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.



## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K III.

**H**AIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam  
 May I express thee' unblam'd ? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'ft thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,  
 Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
 With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou

Revisit'ft

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath, 30  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35  
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45  
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate,

## Book III. PARADISE LOST. 75

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had th' almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyréan where he fits  
High thion'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view.

About him all the Sanctities of Heaven                 60  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude pass utterance ; on his right

The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son, on earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two

Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love

In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night

In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd

Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament, 75  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,

Heap'd

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyfs  
 Wide interrupt can hold; fo bent he feems  
 On desperate revenge, that fhall redound 85  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all restraint broke loofe he wings his way  
 Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly tow'rds the new created world,  
 And Man there plac'd, with purpose to affay 90  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worfe,  
 By fome falfe guile pervert; and fhall pervert,  
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And eafily tranfgrefs the fole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience. So will fall, 95  
 He and his faithlefs progeny: Whofe fault?  
 - Whofe but his own? Ingrate, he had of ~~me~~  
 All he could have; I made him juft and right,  
 Sufficient to have flood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' ethereal Powers 100  
 And Spi'rits, both them who flood and them who fail'd;  
 Freely they flood who flood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n fincere  
 Of true allegiance, conftant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs muft do appear'd, 105  
 Not what they would? what praife could they receive?  
 What pleafure I from fuch obedience paid,  
 When will and reafon (reafon alfo' is choice)  
 Ufelefs and vain, of freedom both defpoil'd,  
 Made paffive both, had ferv'd neceffity, 110  
 Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can juftly' accufe

Their

Their maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow' of fate, 120  
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they intrall themselves; I else must change 125  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd 130  
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,  
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel,  
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spi'rits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace,

Which

Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace, 145  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Incompas'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150  
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judg<sup>est</sup> only right. 155  
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165  
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defense.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.  
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:

Man

Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175  
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear, 195  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the high supremacy of Heaven, 205  
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posterity must die,  
Die he or justice must; unless for him 210  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf  
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?  
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid



Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 235  
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
 Account me Man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240  
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess  
 Life in myself for ev'r; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245  
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250  
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255  
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260  
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend  
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275  
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least,  
 Though last created; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280  
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join;  
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss 305  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal king; all power  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits; under thee as head supreme  
 Thrones, Principdoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou attended gloriously from Heaven  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclame 325  
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330  
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
And after all their tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340  
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal regions lowly reverent  
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;  
Immortal

Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offense 355  
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the riv'er of bliss through midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream,  
 With these that never fade the Spi'rits elect 360  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.  
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380  
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Thence next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385  
Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein 390  
By thee created, and by thee drew down  
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim  
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man: Him through their malice fall'n, 400  
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd, 405  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
For Man's offense. O unexampled love; 410  
Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name  
Shall

Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420

From Chaos and th' inroad of Darknes old,  
 Satan alighted walks. a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms 425

Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430

As when a vultur on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their cany waggons light.  
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440  
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other creature in this place

Living or lifeless to be found was none ;  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like aerial vapours flew 445  
Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin  
With vanity had fill'd the works of men ;  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life ; 450  
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;  
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
'Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd ;  
'Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
'Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.  
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
First from the ancient world those giants came  
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
The builders next of Babel on the plain  
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
Others came single ; he who to be deem'd  
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470  
Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy  
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,

Cleombrotus ;



Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,  
Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers  
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. 475  
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven ;  
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480  
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,  
And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd ;  
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems  
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485  
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
A violent cross wind from either coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
Into the devious air ; then might ye see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost 490  
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds . all these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
All this dark globe the Friend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500  
His travel'd steps : far distant he descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent

Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high ;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven. 515  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless ; and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss : 525  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530  
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,

On

On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535  
 To Beerfaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore ;  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower star 540  
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glitt'ring spues and pinnacles adorn'd 550  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :  
 Such wonder feels'd, though after Heaven seen,  
 The Spirit malign, but much more envy feels'd,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libya to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole 560  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws

His

His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all  
The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends  
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575  
Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
Days months and years, tow'ards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585  
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;  
So wondrously was set his station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;

Not

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire ;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ;      595  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below      600  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind  
 Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.      605  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch-chemic fun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,      610  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare ?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazled , far and wide his eye commands ;  
 For fight no obstacle found here, nor shade,      615  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and th' air  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray      620  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,

The same whom John saw also in the fun:  
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625  
Circled his head, nor left his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd  
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630  
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635  
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:  
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640  
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore  
Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright, 645  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
Admonish'd by his ear, and start was known  
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,

O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seven Spi'rits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655

The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye 660

To visit oft this new creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favor, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670

That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675

The universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern

Hypocrisy,

Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth : 685  
 And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Refigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems : Which now for once beguil'd  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690  
 The sharpest-sighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven ;  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695  
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700  
 Contented with report hear only' in Heaven :  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight.  
 But what created mind can comprehend 705  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mold, came to a heap :  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,

Light



Light shone, and order from disorder sprung :  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ; 715  
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.

Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725  
Night would invade ; but there the neighb'ring moon  
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735

Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740  
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall, overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd, their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

## P A R A D I S E L O S T .

## B O O K IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw  
 Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!* that now, 5  
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10  
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engin back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step no more than from himself can fly

By change of place : now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25  
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;  
 Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king :  
 Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good 45  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard,  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50  
 Would set me hig'h'hest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70  
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 O then at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me; and my dread of shame

Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state; how soon  
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unfay  
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100  
And heavier fall. so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace;  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
Evil be thou my good, by thee at least 110  
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

As



As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face;  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair, 115  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smoothe'd with outward calm, 120  
Artificer of fraud, and was the first

That practis'd falshood under faintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down 125

The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access deny'd; and over head up grew  
Insufferable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140

Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of statest view. Yet higher than their tops

The

The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung :  
Which to our general fire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round. 145  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd :  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams 150  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath show'r'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd  
That landscape . And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155  
All sadness but despair . now gentle gales  
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league  
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles : 165  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill

Satan

Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,  
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:  
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
 On th' othar side. which when th' arch-felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180  
 At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185  
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
 Or as a thief bent to unhord the cash  
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
 So since unto his church lewd hirelings climb.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195  
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
 To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd  
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right

The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east  
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215  
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220  
Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225  
That mountain as his garden mound high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And

And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account ; 235  
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
 How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
 Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art  
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245  
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view,  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250  
 If true, here only', and of delicious taste.  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
 Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255  
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall 260  
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd

Her

Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance  
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis 270  
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian ile 275  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad,  
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290  
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine,  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)  
Whence true authority in men; though both 295  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
For contemplation he and valor form'd,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,  
He for God only, she for God in him:  
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300  
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
She as a veil down to the slender waste  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305  
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met;

Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325  
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,  
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:  
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind 335  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits  
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340  
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant 345  
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350  
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun

Declin'd



Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' ocean iles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps, 360  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches; when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370  
 Long to continue; and thus high seat your Heaven  
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd, yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied: League with you I seek, 375  
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380  
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,

And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place, 385  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390  
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400  
 By word or action mark'd: about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405  
 His couchant watch, as one who-chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power

That

That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite ; 415  
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep 420  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree.  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule  
 Confeer'd upon us, and dominion given 430  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights : 435  
 But let us ever-praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.  
 To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440  
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Præminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like comfort to thyself canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450  
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmur'ing sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks  
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy

Inseparably

Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race. What could I do, 475  
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast 495  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500  
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign

Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two 505

Imparadis'd in one another's arms,

The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of blifs on blifs ; while I to Hell am thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among' our other torments not the least, 510

Still unfill'd with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From their own mouths : all is not theirs it seems ;

One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,

Forbidden them to taste : Knowledge forbidden ? 515

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord

Envy them that ? can it be sin to know ?

Can it be death ? and do they only stand

By ignorance ? is that their happy state,

The proof of their obedience and their faith ? 520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build

Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject

Envious commands, invented with design

To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525

Equal with Gods : aspiring to be such

They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?

But first with narrow search I must walk round

This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd ;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530

Some wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,

Or in thuck shade retir'd, from him to draw

What

What further would be learn'd. Live while you may,  
 Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspexion, and began [roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his  
 Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high ;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night ; 550  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555  
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of this compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know, 565

More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
God's latest image · I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gate :  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570  
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :

Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him · one of the banish'd crew,  
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise ·  
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.  
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,  
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580  
Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence : if Spi'rit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthy bounds  
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n  
Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,

Incredible



Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,  
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595  
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird, 600  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were flunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led 605  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615  
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long  
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account,

To-

To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625  
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630  
That lie bestrown unfightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.  
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635  
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;  
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertil earth 645  
After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers :  
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655  
 Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd :  
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660  
 These have their course to finish round the earth,  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain 665  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night : how often from the steep 680  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk 685  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven,

Thus talking, hand in hand along they pass'd  
On to their blissful bow'r ; it was a place 690  
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to Man's delightful use ; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side 695  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic ; underfoot the violet, 700  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem . other creature here,  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 705  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710  
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our fire

Brought

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715  
 In sad event, when to th' unwifer son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725  
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure  
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
 Handed they went ; and, eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740  
 Strait side by side were laid ; nor turn'd I ween  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites

Mysterious

Myſterious of connubial love refus'd :  
 Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk  
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increaſe ; who bids abſtain  
 But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man ?  
 Hail wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource 750  
 Of human offspring, ſole propriety  
 In Paradife of all things common elſe.  
 By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men  
 Among the beſtial herds to range ; by thee  
 Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure, 755  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.  
 Far be' it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets 760  
 Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,  
 Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.  
 Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights  
 His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought ſmile 765  
 Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,  
 Caſual fruition ; nor in court amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,  
 Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings  
 To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain. 770  
 Theſe lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'rd

Show'rd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd  
 To their night watches in warlike parade, 780  
 When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785  
 From these, two strong and subtle Spi'rits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795  
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazling the moon; these to the bow'r direct  
 In search of whom they fought: him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy', and with them forge

Illusions

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your



Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn,  
Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same, 835  
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,  
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure ;  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee' ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840  
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845  
Invincible : abash'd the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pin'd  
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd 850  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sencer not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do 855  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;  
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb. to strive or fly  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd 860  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where these half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief  
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendor wan, who by his gate 870  
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885  
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no  
And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I fought;  
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895  
 But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wife,  
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905  
 And now returns him from his prison scap'd,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief! 920  
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,

Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.  
 Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain, 925  
 Insulting Angel; well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid  
 The blasting volied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past  
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935  
 To wing the desolate abyfs, and spy  
 This new created world, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.  
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,  
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army

Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.  
Was thus your discipline and faith engag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve 955  
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme ?  
And thou, fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd  
Heav'n's awful monarch ? wherefore but in hope 960  
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?  
But mark what I arreest thee now, Avant ;  
Fly thither whence thou fledst : if from this hour  
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965  
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970  
Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975  
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On t' other side Satan alarm'd 985  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield, now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and realms. in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005  
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
 Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,

If

If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft. nor more, but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.





THE  
F I F T H   B O O K  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him,

## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K V.

**N**OW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern chime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was aery light from pure digestion bred,  
 And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only found 5  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10  
 As through unquiet rest; he on his side  
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20  
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What

What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colors, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
But of offense and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night. methought 35  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song, now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45  
In whose sight all things joy, with rapture  
Attracted by thy beauty fill to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,

Much

Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood  
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven  
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd  
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;  
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ?      60  
Or envy' or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?  
Thus said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm  
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd      65  
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold .  
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :      70  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,      75  
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see      80  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondring at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad  
Best image of myself and dearer half, 95  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief; among these fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, aery shapes, 105  
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell when nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110  
To imitate her, but misjoining shapes,  
Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,      115  
 But with addition strange ! yet be not sad,  
 Evil into the Mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind : Which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,      120  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more chearful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise      125  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall      130  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.      135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,      140  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east

Of Paradife and Eden's happy plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Then orisons, each morning duly paid 145  
In various stile; for neither various stile  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150  
More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then! 155  
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,  
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise

In



In thy eternal course, both when thou clumb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st, 175  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd-up light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205  
To give us only good ; and if the night  
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210  
On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dews and flow'rs ; where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine 215  
To wed her elm ; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd 220  
Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd  
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
Satan from Hell scap'd through the darksome gulf 225  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230  
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labor with repast,

Or

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure. tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss,  
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;  
 But by decent and lies; thus let him know,  
 Left wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint  
 After his charge receiv'd. but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255  
 Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd 260  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes

Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon ;  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar 270  
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280  
Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
And colors dipt in Heav'n ; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands  
Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honor rise ;  
For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290  
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And

And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
 A wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art ; enormous blifs.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305  
 Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn 310  
 Ris'n on mid-noon ; some great behest from Heaven  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315  
 Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare, 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,

All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325  
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
'T'o entertain our Angel guest, as he  
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth  
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven, 330  
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340  
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345  
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground  
With rose and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great fire, to meet 350  
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompanied than with his own complete

Perfections;

Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long 355  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape,  
 Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360  
 Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain ;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365  
 Two' only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To fit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
 Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heaven,  
 To visit thee ; lead on then where thy bower 375  
 C'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd  
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells ; but Eve  
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380  
 Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,

Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil  
She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail 385  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390  
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear left dinner cool; when thus began  
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400  
The earth to yield; unfavory food perhaps  
To spiritual natures; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405  
Spiritual, may of purest Spi'rits be found  
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational, and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty 410  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And



And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustain'd and fed ; of elements    415  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon ;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.    420  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimential recompense  
 In humid exhalations, and at even    425  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here    430  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they fat,  
 And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common glofs    435  
 Of Theologians ; but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spi'rits with ease ; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of footy coal th' empiric alchemist    440  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold

As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve  
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445  
Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,  
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been  
Enamour'd at that sight ; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
Giv'n him by this great conference to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being 455  
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
Exceeded human ; and his wary speech  
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed : yet what compare ?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life ;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,      475  
 As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending  
 Each in their severall active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odórous breathes : flow'rs and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
 To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual; give both life and sense,      485  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.      490  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance. time may come, when Men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;      495  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell;      500  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entue,

Whose

Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.  
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
From center to circumference, whereon 510  
In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found  
Obedient? can we want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515  
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God; 520  
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525  
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity:  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated; such with him 530  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
Willing

Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540  
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills  
 Aereal music send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 550  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me', and still assure: though what thou tell'st  
 Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
 Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphaël  
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate  
 To human sense th' invisible exploits 565  
 Of warring Spirits? how without remorse  
 The ruin of so many glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570  
 This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best; though what if Earth  
 Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein 575  
 Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now  
 Upon her center pois'd; when on a day [rests  
 (For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future) on such day  
 As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host  
 Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585  
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd  
 Under their Hierarchs in orders bright.  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd

Holy

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,      595  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,      600  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold      605  
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
 Under his great vice-gerent reign abide  
 United as one individual soul      610

For ever happy: Him who disobey's,  
 Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day,  
 Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls  
 Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end,      615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere      620  
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem;  
And in their motions harmony divine 625  
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd  
(For we have also' our evening and our morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630  
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows  
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven. 635  
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,  
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who shew'd  
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd  
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645  
In darker veil) and roseat dew dispos'd  
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;  
Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,  
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650  
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
By living streams among the trees of life,

Pavilions



Pavilions numbeless, and sudden rear'd,  
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course  
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne  
Alternate all night long · but not so wak'd  
Satan; so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power, 660  
In favor and præminence, yet fraught  
With envy' against the Son of God, that day  
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd  
Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipt, unobey'd the throne supreme 670  
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close  
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree  
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675  
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;  
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place

To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our king 690  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695  
 Of his associate: he together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent Powers,  
 Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,  
 That the most High commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven, 700  
 The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity: but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice 705  
 Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;  
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710  
 Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount

And

And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
 And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we clame  
 Of deity or empire ; such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730  
 In our defense, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers  
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea, from one entire globe  
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd  
At length into the limits of the north 755  
They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;  
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven, 765  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their king,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
If

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If these magnificent titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree  
Another now hath to himself ingrofs'd  
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This only to consult, how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honors new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how indur'd  
To one and to his image now proclam'd ?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
The supple knee ? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free ; for orders and degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right  
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,  
In freedom equal ? or can introduce  
Law and edict on us, who without law  
Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those imperial titles, which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controll  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805  
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd,

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810  
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,  
In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right indued 815  
With regal scepter, every soul in Heaven  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due  
Confess him rightful king? Unjust, thou say'st,  
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let reign, 820  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven  
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good and of our dignity  
How provident he is, how far from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state under one head more near 830  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals monarch reign:

Thyself

Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835  
 As by his Word the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Effential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;  
 His laws our laws; all honor to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.  
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new! 855  
 Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who saw  
 When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raisd 860  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature

Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.  
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the found of waters deep  
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
Through the infinite host; nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875  
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,  
Forfaken of all good; I see thy fall  
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880  
Both of thy crime and punishment. henceforth  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws  
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885  
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,  
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not. for soon expect to feel

His



His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.      895  
 So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;      900  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;      905  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.



THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## T H E   A R G U M E N T .

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd; Satan and his Powers retire under night; He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory. He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep. MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K VI.

**A**LL night the dreadful Angel unpursued  
 Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way;  
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand [till morn,  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [Heaven  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door  
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10  
 To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn  
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain 15  
 Cover'd with thick umbattel'd squadrons bright,  
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought 20  
 To have reported: gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly Powers, who him receiv'd  
 With

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill 25  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice  
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care, 35  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40  
By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,  
And thou in military prowess next 45  
Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss

Into

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 175

Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow. 60

At which command the Powers militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65

Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds  
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70

Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their numble tread; as when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75

Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80

In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of

Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
 The banded Pow'rs of Satan hastening on 85  
 With furious expedition; for they ween'd  
 That self-fame day by fight, or by surprize,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90  
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great fire 95  
 Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout  
 Of battel now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
 Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front 105  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd  
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110  
 Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And



And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Higheft  
Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115  
Remain not: wherefore should not ftrength and might  
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeft prove  
Where boldeft, though to fight unconquerable?  
His puiffance, trufting in th' Almighty's aid,  
I mean to try, whose reafon I have try'd 120  
Unfound and falfe; nor is it ought but juft,  
That he who in debate of truth hath won  
Should win in arms, in both difputes alike  
Victor, though brutifh that contéft and foul,  
When reafon hath to deal with force, yet fo 125  
Moft reafon is that reafon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
Forth stepping oppofit, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd, and thus fe curely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd  
The highth of thy afpiring unoppos'd,  
The throne of God unguarded, and his fide  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power  
Or potent tongue. fool, not to think how vain 135  
Againft th' Omnipotent to rife in arms;  
Who out of fmalleft things could without end  
Have rais'd inceffant armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with folitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140  
Unaided could have finifh'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darknefs: but thou feeft

All are not of thy train ; there be who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145  
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all : my sect thou see'st ; now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150  
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
 Their duties to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigor divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest : this pause between  
 (Unanswer'd left thou boast) to let thee know ;  
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven  
 To heav'nly souls had been all one ; but now 165  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministering Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song ;  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170  
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.  
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175  
 Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd ;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom ; let me serve  
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ; 185  
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect : mean while  
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth 195  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat  
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
 Prefage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battel : whereat Michael bid sound

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven  
 It founded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosannah to the High'st. nor stood at gaze 205  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock. now storming fury rose,  
 And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now  
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd 215  
 Both battels main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven  
 Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
 Had to her center shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions: how much more of power  
 Army' against army numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225  
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
 Had not th' eternal King omnipotent  
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
 And limited their might; though number'd such  
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230  
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
 A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd

Each

Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battel, open when, and when to close 235  
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear; each on himself rely'd,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory. deeds of eternal fame 240  
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then  
 Conflicting fire: long time in even scale 245  
 The battel hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250  
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wafting; such destruction to withstand.  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255  
 A vast circumference: At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260  
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,

Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265  
And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270  
And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus  
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile  
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290  
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free

If

If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth 300

Of Godlike pow'r ? for likest Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields 305

Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood  
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth 310  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,

Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both with next to' almighty arm  
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determin, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once ; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention : but the sword 320  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen

Nor solid might resist that edge : it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd, 325  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd  
 All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him : but th' ethereal substance clos'd,  
 Not long divisible ; and from the gash  
 A stream of necta'rous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defense, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war ; there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame, 340  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power,  
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spi'rits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man 345  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air !  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350  
 All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and color, shape or size

Assume,



Affume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360  
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai, 365  
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370  
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise

And

And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390  
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,  
 Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ; 400  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes ; not to have finn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over Heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of war :  
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and vanquish'd : on the foughten field 410  
 Michael and his Angels prevalent  
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest, 415  
 His potentates to council call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
 What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430  
 Some disadvantage we endure'd and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon condemn'd;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound, 435  
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small, as easy think  
 The remedy; perhaps more vald arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none. if other hidden cause

Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds and understanding found,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
 Nifroch, of Principalities the prime;  
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answ'ring spake. 450  
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455  
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
 Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend 465  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd,  
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470  
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface

Of

Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold;  
Whose eye so superficially surveys  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480  
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
These in their dark nativity the deep  
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;  
Which into hollow engins long and round  
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490  
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admu'd, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor mis'd; so easy it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible: yet haply of thy race  
In future days, if malice should abound,

Some

Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With devilish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew:  
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
 Th' originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd: 515  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their train  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,  
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525  
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood  
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills  
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met

Under

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow  
But firm battahon; back with speediest fail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535  
Came fly'ng, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540

Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His adamantin coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower, 545  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves; and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment,  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold 550  
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the Fraud. At interview both stood 555  
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;

But

But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,  
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 565  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended: when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retir'd: 570  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) 575  
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce: at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense 580  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590  
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though



Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;  
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might 595  
 Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove; but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.  
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse 600  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,  
 In posture to displode their second tire 605  
 Of thunder: back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?  
 Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we, 610  
 To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd 615  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
 If our proposals once again were heard,  
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood. 620  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbled many; who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand; 625  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
 Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of victory; eternal might 630  
 To match with their inventions they presum'd  
 So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long;  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them aims 635  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)  
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;  
 From their foundations loosning to and fro  
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645  
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
 Till on those cursed engins triple-row 650  
 They saw them overwhelm'd, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;

Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;  
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light, 660  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore;  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665

That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game  
 To thus uproar; horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread; 670

Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrn'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675  
 To honor his anointed Son aveng'd

Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by deity I am,

And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven, 685  
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame  
These disobedient: fore hath been their fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in Heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700  
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare; 705  
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My

My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gud on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715  
 From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
 Shone full; he all his Father full express'd 720  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd;  
 And thus the filial Godhead answer'ing spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725  
 As is most just, this I my glory' account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure

Faſt ſeparate, circling thy holy mount  
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee ſing,  
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief. 745  
So ſaid, he o'er his ſcepter bowing, roſe  
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;  
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine, [ſound  
Dawning through Heav'n. forth ruſh'd with whirlwind  
The chariot of paternal Deity, 750  
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd  
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each  
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all  
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
Of beril, and carreering fires between;  
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,  
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch.  
He in celeftial panoply all arm'd 760  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Aſcended; at his right hand victory  
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow  
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd,  
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd 765  
Of ſmoke and bickering flame and ſparkles dire:  
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,  
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;  
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen: 770  
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime  
On the cryſtallin ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,

Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775  
 Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,  
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.  
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd; 780  
 At his command th' uprooted hills retur'd  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.  
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair,  
 In heav'nly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790  
 They harden'd more by what might most reclame,  
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy; and aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood reibattel'd fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last; and now  
 To final battel drew, disdain'g flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800  
 Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805  
Invincibly; but of this curst crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs;  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd  
Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810  
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd  
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme  
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains, 815  
Hath honor'd me according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels

The



The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;  
 O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode 840  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength, 850  
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His thunder in mid voly; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven: 855  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide, 860  
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
 Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight

Struck

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath 865  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit,

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870  
Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;  
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd,  
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :  
To meet him all his faints, who silent stood  
Eye-witneses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 885  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890  
On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss,

Thus

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895  
 What might have else to human race been hid;  
 The discord which befel, and war in Heaven  
 Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905  
 As a despite done against the most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard  
 By terrible example the reward 910  
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell, remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.



THE  
SEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created, that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

## P A R A D I S E L O S T .

## B O O K VII.

**D**ESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.  
 The meaning, not the name I call: for thou      5  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play      10  
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down      15  
 Return me to my native element:  
 Left from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Belleophon, though from a lower clime)  
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall  
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.      20  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;

Standing

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25  
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35  
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd  
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.  
Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphael, 40  
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
Adam by dire example to beware  
Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven  
To those apostates, lest the like befal  
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wand'ring. He with his comforted Eve 50  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of



Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss      55  
 With such confusion · but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose · and now      60  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without was done      65  
 Before his memory, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,      70  
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter, by favor sent  
 Down from the empyréan to forewarn  
 Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :  
 For which to th' infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd      80  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85  
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause 90  
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity so late to build  
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we not to explore the secrets ask 95  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent deep :  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105  
 Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.  
 Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110  
 This also thy request with caution ask'd  
 Obtain : though to recount almighty works

What

What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing such commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain 120  
 To ask, nor let thine own invention hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisable King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven :  
 Enough is left besides to search and know. 125  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain ;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of deity supreme, as dispossest'd,

He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;  
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see 145  
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due and solemn rites:  
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race 155  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven.  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
Thus I perform, speak thou, and be it done:  
My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165  
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
Infinite, nor vacuous the space.  
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170  
And put not forth my goodness which is free  
To act or not, necessity and chance

Approach

Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake  
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175

Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven, 180

When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;

Glory they sung to the most High, good-will

To future men, and in their dwellings peace:

Glory to him, whose just avenging ire

Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185

And th' habitations of the just; to him

Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd

Good out of evil to create, instead

Of Spirits malign a better race to bring

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190

His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son

On his great expedition now appear'd,

Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of majesty divine, sapience and love 195

Immense, and all his Father in him shone.

About his chariot numberless were pour'd

Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,

And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd

From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200

Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,

Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205  
Her ever during gates, harmonious found  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they flood, and from the shore 210  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:  
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220  
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things:  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230  
This be thy just circumference, O world.  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

Matter unform'd and void · Darkneſs profound  
 Cover'd th' abyſs . but on the watry calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread, 235  
 And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
 Adverſe to life . then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place 240  
 Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,  
 And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native caſt 245  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the fun  
 Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good ;  
 And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere 250  
 Divided light the day, and darkneſs night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn :  
 Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung  
 By the celeftial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling fiſt from darkneſs they beheld; 255  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ; with joy and ſhout  
 The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Créator him they ſung,  
 Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn. 260

Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide

The waters from the waters : and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great round . partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing : for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270  
 ChrySTALLIN ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :  
 And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament : So even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,  
 Appear'd not : over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear 285  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky .  
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they 290  
 Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;

Part



Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods: as armies at the call 295  
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill, 300  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,  
And on the wathy ooze deep channels wore;  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now 305  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters he call'd seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad 315  
Her universal face with pleasant green:  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
Opening their various colors, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet. and these scarce blown,  
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept 320  
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,  
And

And bush with frizled hair implicit : last  
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were crown'd,  
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,  
With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330  
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth 335  
God made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340  
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
And let them be for lights as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of Heaven  
To give light on the earth ; and it was so. 345  
And God made two great lights, great for their use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night altern ; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of Heaven  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying

Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightfome first, 355  
 Though of ethereal mold then form'd the moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field :  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360  
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither as to their fountain other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365  
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road ; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd  
 Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon 375  
 But opposit in level'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,

With

With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere · then first adorn'd  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose, 385  
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul :  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Display'd on the' open firmament of Heaven. 390  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas  
And lakes and running streams the waters fill ;  
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
Forthwith the founts and seas, each creek and bay  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400  
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea : part single or with mate  
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral fray, or sporting with quick glance 405  
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,  
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk 410  
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate  
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,

Hugest

Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills      415  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledg'd      420  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise      425  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their aery caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane      430  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale      435  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit      440  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground

Walk'd

Walk'd firm ; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train  
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445  
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose  
With evening harps and matin, when God said, 450  
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait  
Opening her fertil womb teem'd at a birth  
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455  
Limb'd and full grown. out of the ground up rose  
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd :  
The cattel in the fields and meadows green : 460  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hunder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head. scarce from his mold 470  
Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd  
His vastness . fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,

As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river-horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475  
 Insect or worm : those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride  
 With spots of gold and purple', azure and green :  
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 480  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd . the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gave them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field, 495  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500  
 First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely finish'd ; air, water, earth,

By

By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;  
There wanted yet the master work, the end 505  
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but indued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515  
Of all his works. therefore th' Omnipotent  
Eternal Father, (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd 525  
The breath of life; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said, 530  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over



Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place 535  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540  
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
 Variety without end; but of the tree,  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created world  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd 555  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560  
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardest)  
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
 The

The planets in their station lift'ning flood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
The great Creator from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
The glorious train ascending: He through Heaven,  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led, 575  
To God's eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580  
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'n's high seated top, th' imperial throne 585  
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down  
With his great Father, for he also went  
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
As

As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds  
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant Angels; thee that day 605  
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615  
 Thou'kest, and from thence creat'ft more good.  
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven  
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'ft

Their seasons : among these the seat of Men,  
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,  
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,  
Created in his image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshipers 630  
Holy and just : thrice happy if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung  
With halleluiahs : Thus was sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know ; if else thou seek'st  
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE  
EIGHTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE LOST.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents ; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon ; who after admonitions repeated departs.

## P A R A D I S E L O S T .

## B O O K VIII.

**T**HE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;  
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence      5  
 Equal have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard      10  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator? something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which only thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world      15  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute  
 Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,  
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such      20  
 Their distance argues and their swift return  
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light

Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night, in all their vast survey  
Useless besides ; reasoning I oft admire, 25  
How nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
Her end without least motion, and receives, 35  
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve 40  
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45  
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladder grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd, 50  
Adam relating, the sole auditress :  
Her husband the relator she preferr'd

Before



Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather, he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55  
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen 60  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherem to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or, if they list to try 75  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere

With

With centric and eccentric scribled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :  
 Already by thy reasoning thus I guess, 85  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,  
 Earth fitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit : consider first, that great 90  
 Or bright infers not excellence : the earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95  
 But in the fruitful earth ; there first receiv'd  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far ;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual ; me thou think'st not slow, 110  
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd

In Eden, distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But thus I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to show 115  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
 God to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be center to the world, and other stars  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125  
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In fix thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions move? 130  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Traveling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star

Inlightning

Inlightning her by day, as she by night  
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest 145  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps  
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry  
Communicating male and female light, 150  
Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the sun predominant in Heaven 160  
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high

To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth only but of highest Heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And, freed from intricacies, taught to live  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200  
 Of something not unreasonable to ask  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.

Thee

Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ; 205  
 And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven, 210  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labor, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill  
 Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine 215  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetnesss no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair :  
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;  
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man :  
 For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love : say therefore on ;  
 For I that day was absent, as befeel,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230  
 Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of Hell ;  
 Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)

To

To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But as he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovran King, and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245  
 Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our fire.  
 For Man to tell how human life began 250  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun 255  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260  
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

And

And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,  
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd, 265  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran  
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe, 270  
Knew not: to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;  
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,  
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures! tell,  
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,  
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.  
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld  
This happy light, when answer none return'd, 285  
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers  
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep  
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeis'd  
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate 290  
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:  
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,

Whoſe



Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide  
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw 305  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadow'd Here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315  
 Submiss: he rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou see'st  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows

Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325  
Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
"The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335  
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
"To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340  
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl,  
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection; understand the same 345  
Of fish within their watry residence,  
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
Their element to draw the thinner air.  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two, these cowering low 350  
With

With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indu'd  
 My sudden apprehension. but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still; 355  
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360  
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air 370  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pasture, and bear rule; thy realm is large. 375  
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,

My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferior far beneath me set ?  
 Among unequals what society  
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight ?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385  
 Giv'n and receiv'd ; but in disparity  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike : Of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390  
 All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human comfort ; they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lions ;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd ;  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.  
 A nice and subtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400  
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state ?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not ? who am alone 405  
 From all eternity, for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse

Save

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Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior, infinite descents 410

Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things !  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415

Is no deficiency found ; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420

And through all numbers absolute, though one ;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
In unity defective, which requires 425  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt 430  
Of union or communion, deify'd ;

I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd 435  
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

R 3 And

And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 440  
My image, not imparted to the brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445  
And no such company as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' highth,  
In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455  
As with an object that excels the sense  
Dazled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460  
Of fancy my internal fight, by which  
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465  
From thence a rib, with cordial spi'its warm,  
And

And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490  
 This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest, I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495  
 R 4 Before

Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man  
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence and virgin modestly,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or to say all, 505  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;  
 I follow'd her, she what was honor knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510  
 I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,  
 And happy constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs 515  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
 On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such



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As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525  
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'ful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain, 535  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end 540  
 Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given 545  
 O'er other creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows;

Authority

Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made 555  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their feat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow, 560  
Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;  
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
By attributing over much to things 565  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself; 570  
Then value Oft-times nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
And to realities yield all her shows: 575

Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580  
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
To cattel and each beast; which would not be

To

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To them made common and divulg'd, if ought  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585  
 What high'er in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
 Wherein true love consists not; love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590  
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595  
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free 610  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love 615  
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620  
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625  
 Easier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting sun 630  
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Iles  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway 635  
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall, 640

Free

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253

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be' honor'd ever  
With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

645

650

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven  
From the thuck shade, and Adam to his bower.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.